

PRAYER  
P.K.Iavorov

My soul is ferocious, bad and cruel.  
Mother, watch  
upon your fallen son, defeated in a duel  
versus vice and evil in a batch.  
A gentle hand holds my hand with a trembling -  
hand of smiling child...  
To what infernal land, the Paradise resembling,  
I will lead her now tired and wild?

However you are here, Ghost, confident and tristful.  
Mother, watch -  
as midnight moon, of pity and of mist full,  
tracks up robber's catch.  
She, being child, tastes now the sweetness  
of enjoying abysses of sin.  
Am I not teaching her to witness  
the hypocrisy with pleasant mien?

Through abyss to another abyss  
treads, collecting witched flowers she,  
and breathing their poisonous rabies,  
where is going, does she see?  
My soul is very hungry, very cool.  
Mother, watch!  
Install in both of us your rightful rule  
and give the innocence your badge.

(Translated from Bulgarian Stefan K. Robev)